

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

What
About
Cuba?

Our occupa-
tion of Cuba is
proceeding mer-
rily. The Span-
ish flag is down

and ours is up. We are collecting
duties and cleaning streets, and
American speculators, with the
greed of gain illuminating their
eyes, are swarming over the island.

All this is well, but to what does
it all lead? Does President Mc-
Kinley remember the solemn pledge,
voluntarily taken by himself and by
Congress in the sight of the world,
that our interference shall not be
directed to any selfish end, but shall
be conducted with the object of giving
a stable and independent govern-
ment to the people of Cuba?

The reported utterances of Gen-
eral Brooke are not reassuring. The
"absolute annihilation of all possi-
ble malcontents" has too much of a
Spanish sound. Even under com-
plete American rule malcontents
are not outlaws, and in Cuba our
rule is not complete—it is only that
of a trustee.

"The people of Cuba," said the
resolution signed by President Mc-
Kinley last April, "are, and of
right ought to be, free and in-
dependent."

In that case, why should we not
encourage them to prepare for mak-
ing use of their freedom and inde-
pendence? Why should we treat
them as interlopers on their own
soil and exclude their flag from the
celebration of the greatest event in
their history? The single star of
Cuba ought to have waved side by
side with the forty-five stars of
America as our army of liberation
entered Havana last Sunday.

It was the Americans who
struck the final blow for Cuban free-
dom, but it was the Cubans who did
the long, agonizing work and made
the sacrifices, without which Ameri-
ca's hand never would have been
raised. In arms for thirteen years
out of the last thirty, and with the
lives of one-third of their race of-
fered up for the liberty of the rest,
the Cubans have earned their free-
dom if any people ever did.

But it is not what the Cubans
have earned, but what our honor
obliges us to grant, that is the essen-
tial thing for us. The Journal
believes that the annexation of
Cuba would be a good thing both
for the island and for the United
States, and it believes that sooner
or later the Cubans will ask it, but
until they do, freely and gladly, it
believes that annexation should
wait, if it takes a thousand years.
And the President will find that
that is the opinion of the American
people.

"RECORDS"
THAT
PLEASE.

It is a cold day
when the industrious
Weather Forecaster
cannot warm the
cockles of our heart
with a "record." The
new incumbent of the office is living up to the
traditions established by his predecessor. He
has been taught that the public will ever look
with an indulgent eye upon unfulfilled prophe-
cies, providing the Weather Bureau keeps it
furnished with appropriately reminiscent statis-
tics. Yesterday, for example, he had the
felicity of informing us that we were suffering
from the coldest January 2 since the year
1879.

This intelligence was probably satisfying to
a large number of the inhabitants of these
parts, and enabled them to endure the low

temperature with greater fortitude. To be
sure, Mr. Emery did not advance the propo-
sition that January 2 was a date set apart for
any meteorological idiosyncrasy. He did not
even say that there had not been equally cold
January 1st and January 3rd to counterbal-
ance the lack of equally cold January 2nd
within the past nineteen years. No. He knew
the national weakness. He knew that his
constituents must have a "record," whether
it should mean anything or not. In a word,
he "seen his duty, and he done it." And a
few months hence, when New Yorkers are
carrying palm leaf fans and drinking things
through straws, the imperturbable function-
ary who juggles with the 'ometers on the roof
of the American Tract Society Building will
arise and announce that there has been no
such baking August 'steenth since the year
umpty-umph.

In one respect, at least, the recon-
dite "records" of the Agricultural Department sub-
serve a useful end. They help to discredit
those cheap satirists who ridicule their fel-
lows for talking about the weather. There is
no subject better worth talking about, none
more frequently uppermost in our thoughts,
none with a more intimate bearing on our
happiness. Physiologists are already investi-
gating meteorology in its influence on disease.
Before long philosophers will be studying the
weather as a factor in the motives of men,
and historians will deem their data incom-
plete if they lack records of the barometric
and thermometric conditions accompanying
the acts of statesmen and commanders.

Meantime, cold is a valuable tonic agent; so
let those take comfort who shiver as they
read Mr. Emery's daily "record."

RECOGNITION
OF A GREAT
ACHIEVEMENT.

We quote from the Journal's "official record"
of the secret proceedings of the joint commission.
Assuming the publication to be accurate, and it
bears every intrinsic evidence of authenticity,
the Journal does not overpraise itself when it declares
the publication to be "a journalistic achievement
entirely without precedent."

Of course such a compliment from a news-
paper of the highest standing is extremely
gratifying. As the Mail and Express says,
the publication of the peace protocols in the
Journal "bears every intrinsic evidence of
authenticity," but if our contemporary should
feel any curiosity to see more direct evidence
we should be happy to exhibit the original
documents to any representative it might
send to this office.

ALGER AS A
GUARDIAN OF
NATIONAL
HONOR.

The Washington
Post vehemently de-
fends Secretary Al-
ger's order reserving
to himself the sole
right to dispose of all
franchises and concessions in Cuba, Porto
Rico and the Philippines. It intimates that
companies are "forming to exploit speculation
in Cuban properties," and that some of them
will be "animated by very questionable mo-
tives and go about their business by very de-
vious paths." It tells of "one scheme which
was frustrated by the very narrowest chance,
and which, but for that timely intervention,
would have launched our dispensation upon a
very dirty and malodorous wave."

In view of these facts the Post exclaims:
Secretary Alger is right, and honest public op-
inion will sustain him. The American people want
no dishonor put upon their name or upon their
high mission by the scandals that will inevitably
be bred by a swarm of jackals ravening in the
army's wake. Our duty in Cuba is to uplift, to
aid, to civilize the population—not to preside over
their looting and their enslavement. We are
bound by every obligation of good faith and de-
cency to see that life and property are protected,
social order maintained, and the machinery of free
government set up upon a lasting basis. And if
we are thus bound; if we are charged with pro-
tecting the inhabitants of Cuba against spoliation
in a violent form, are we not equally responsible
for their protection against spoliation practised
in the garb of peace? If we are pledged to see that
the armed marauder shall be punished and sup-
pressed, are we not also pledged to see that seli-
cure and confiscation under the forms of law shall
be prohibited as sternly?

A most edifying view of the situation un-
doubtedly. Our contemporary's moral senti-
ments are unexceptionable and will meet with
the unanimous approval of the American peo-
ple. It is true that the people "want no dish-
onor put upon their name or upon their high
mission by the scandals that will inevitably
be bred by a swarm of jackals ravening in the
army's wake." That is why they do not
want Alger to mix in the affair. As a jackal-
raiser Alger has no peer. His record in that
line is unapproachable.

It is right to have a check on the power of
the local authorities in Cuba over grants of
franchises, but that check ought to be a com-
mission of high character at Washington. To
intrust such a responsibility to Alger would
be like employing Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, of
the Thompson Street Poker Club, to guard a
chicken coop.

HAVERHILL'S
MUNICIPAL
EXPERIMENT.

The citizens of
Haverhill, Mass., will
have no reason to re-
gret the election of
Mayor Chase, a So-
cialist, if the prom-
ises of his inaugural address are carried out.

His plans are of more than passing interest,
as he is the first Socialist ever elected Mayor of
an American city.

He recommends the passage of an ordi-
nance establishing the minimum wage for
street employees at \$3 for eight hours' work;
union wages to be paid to all brick and stone
masons that work for the city, and all city
printing to bear the union label.

Mayor Chase favors the Pingree plan of
giving the unemployed the use of tracts of
lands suitable for raising food products, the
city to furnish proper seeds and tools. He
urges the enlargement of the fuel yard at the
city farm, so that those who cannot afford to
buy fuel can earn it by their labor. He op-

poses giving city work to the lowest bidders,
because—

Low bids mean cheap work. Cheap work means
cheap men and low wages, and low wages lower
the standard of citizenship. The city should per-
form its own work and furnish its own material,
giving employment to its citizens.

Mayor Chase must be regarded as a very
dangerous man by the rich men and the cor-
porations of Haverhill. He insists that the
burden of taxation shall be equally distrib-
uted in exact proportion to the holdings of
each citizen. He advocates increased appor-
tions for educational purposes, and favors
municipal ownership of the street railways
and electric lighting plant.

Mayor Chase is in a fair way to become un-
popular with the politicians, who believe that
the more a city is plundered the better govern-
ment it has, and the corporations, who
enjoy special privileges without paying for
them, will regard him as an anarchist who
will bear watching.

England is applying an intelligent socialism
to the conduct of its city governments with
a great measure of success. Mayor Chase's
experiment at Haverhill will be watched with
unusual interest.

DEMOCRATIC
PROMISES
KEPT.

Mayor Van Wyck
has exhibited the sin-
cerity of his desire
for perfected public
school facilities by
addressing a vigor-
ous circular letter to each member of the
Borough School Boards, urging energetic ac-
tion to end the present unsatisfactory con-
ditions before the beginning of another school
year.

It is easy to express a wish that every child
may have a chance for an education; it is
even easy to vote bonds for the construction
of new schoolhouses, but between such ac-
tion and the actual completion of the school-
houses, equipped ready for the children to
take their seats, there is a wide gap. Al-
though the necessary bonds have been pro-
vided for in the budget, and will be issued on
requisition, the provision of school accommo-
dations for every child cannot be accom-
plished, as the Mayor reminds the members
of the borough boards, "by merely perfunctory
action in selecting sites and drawing
plans and awarding contracts for the erec-
tion of buildings."

It can only be attained by vigorous and constant
attention on the part of those representing the
public to see that condemnation proceedings are
progressed, and that contracts for buildings are
executed, not at the contractors' pleasure, but
according to the provisions of the contracts them-
selves, especially as to the time fixed for the com-
pletion of the work.

Mayor Van Wyck has put the Democratic
municipal administration in line with the de-
sires of the community. He is preparing to
accomplish what other administrations have
only promised, and the public will as cer-
tainly reward this fidelity and success as it
would have condemned neglect and failure.

A
SPANISH
GRANDEE.

In perusing the cre-
dentials of the Span-
ish Commissioners
who signed the treaty
of peace at Paris we
observe with conflict-
ing emotions the following name and titles—
reprinted here as they appeared in Sunday's
Journal:

DON WENCESLAO RAMIREZ DE VILLASUR-
RUTIA, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Order
of Isabel the Catholic, Knight Commander of the
Royal and Distinguished Order of Charles III,
decorated with the White Cross of the Second
Class of Naval Merit, Grand Cross of the Dutch
Lion of the Netherlands, Oak Crown of Luxem-
burg, the Majestic of Turkey, Knight Commander
of the Legion of Honor of France, of the Concep-
cion de Villaviciosa of Portugal, decorated with
the Cross of the Second Class of the Bust of Bol-
ivar, Knight of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus of
Italy, of the Crown of Prussia, of the Crown of
Christ of Portugal, Licentiate in civil and canon-
ical law, and through competitive examination,
in administrative law, Academician Professor of the
Royal Academy of Jurisprudence and Legislation,
my Minister Plenipotentiary to His Majesty the
King of the Belgians.

It is almost superfluous to comment upon it.
Don Wenceslao is an editorial al in himself.
He fits well against the background of medie-
val lance-breaking and knightly tournaments.
And the picture of Don Wenceslao that rises
before the mind's eye is that of a plumed and
armored knight who comes jingling up on a
gaudily caparisoned steed, with all his titles
trailling and fluttering behind him.

Each one of his many orders was no doubt
bestowed upon Don Wenceslao for merit, but
it was that peculiar species of merit that
finds favor in the eyes of sovereigns, and is
of no value to humanity.

We note with peculiar awe that he is de-
corated with the Cross of the Second Class of
the Bust of Bolivar. Perhaps as one of the
signers of the treaty whereby Spain lost her
colonial possessions it would not be too frivo-
lous to add to his decorations the Triple Star
of the Grand Inter-oceanic Bust of Spanish
Power!

Freedom Wanted for the Syrians.
Editor of the New York Journal:
Dear Sir—I congratulate the Journal for the
help it gave in holding the Stars and Stripes over
Cuba, and the hard work it undertook to free the
poor Cubans from the hands of the oppressor.
Hoping it will do as much for the liberation of
the poor and unfortunate Syrian from the paw of
the Hon. Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, I re-
main, yours truly,
New York City, January 2.

NOT AT ALL SURPRISING.
"The girls of your—aw—country rather—aw-
puzzle me," said the visiting foreigner.

"Not at all surprising," replied the native. "We
are hardly used to some of them ourselves. But
to which girls of our country do you refer—the
New York girls or the Hawaiian girls or the Chi-
cago girls or the Porto Rican girls or the Boston
girls or the Philippine girls or the New Orleans
girls or the Cuban girls or the St. Louis girls or
the Indian girls or the Philadelphia girls or the
Alaskan girls or the—"

But at this point the visitor escaped.—Chicago
Post.

THE ANIMUS.
"I understand that English lecturer is now de-
nouncing us as a money-loving people."
"Shouldn't wonder. We loved our money so
well that he got mighty little of it."—Indianapolis
Journal.

A STRICTLY PERSONAL VIEW.

By Arthur
McEwen.

GOVERNOR
ROOSEVELT
WOULD BE
PRESIDENT.

Governor Roosevelt
has his eye on the
Presidency. Believing
that no man can ar-
rive there who does not
serve God and Man,
the Governor,
whose faith in his men-
tal and moral ambidexterity is not so confident as
it was before the election, lays down his creed for
his own guidance and the information of others—
particularly for the information of Mr. Platt, who
represents the powers of darkness, and the Mug-
wumps, who are the children of light.

For Platt: "It is only through the party sys-
tem that free governments are now successfully
carried on."
For the Mugwumps: "And yet we must keep



BIGGER MEN NEVER COULD CATCH IT.

ever vividly before us that the usefulness of a
party is strictly limited by its usefulness to the
State, and that in the long run he serves his party
best who most helps to make it instantly respon-
sive to every need of the people and to the
highest demands of that spirit which tends to drive
us onward and upward.

Translation: "I shall endeavor, Mr. Platt, to
stand in with the machine, now that I am elected,
as I did for the sake of being elected, but you
must not expect me to go so far as to outrage
my Mugwump friends. Their favorite food is
virtuous professions, of which I have an ample
store, and it won't do to require acts from me that
would make such professions glaringly incongru-
ous."

And there are others. That small majority of
17,500 in a total ballot of 1,350,000 opened Mr.
Roosevelt's eyes to the distrust of him which is
prevalent among those who cast the silent vote—
the business men, the small property owners, the
salvaged class, the clerks, the savings bank de-
positors, and, in sum, all those who are proud to
describe themselves as conservative; the men who
beat Bryan, who are frightened by radicalism and
distrustful of brains.

To these the Governor: "There is much less
need of genius or of any special brilliancy in the
administration of our Government than there is
need of such homely virtues and qualities as com-
mon sense, honesty and courage."

Translation: "I am really, although you may
not think so, a 'safe' man. True, I have had the
genius to write books and I was brilliant as a
soldier, but you must not infer from that that I
shall soar out of the region of the commonplaces,
and so get beyond the understanding of your tame
minds and the sympathy of your bare hearts. I
shall show you that I can keep down to your level
and give up rainbow chasing. Listen:

"We must realize on the one hand that we can
do little if we do not set ourselves a high ideal,
and on the other hand that we will fall in accom-
plishing even this little if we do not work through
practical methods and with a readiness to face
life as it is, and not as we think it ought to be."

Which is horse sense, but, alas! and alas!
it is not the Roosevelt of civil service reform days
the Roosevelt who would enforce the Raines law,
regardless of actual social conditions and practical
consequences—not the Roosevelt who, sword in

hand, charged yelling ahead of his men up the
ensanguined slope of San Juan Hill.

Rather is it the Roosevelt who, longing to be
Governor, beheld Apollonius Platt in the path, and,
taking counsel of prudence, agreed with the
adversary whilst he was in the way with him.

Time is leveling Mr. Roosevelt's head and
teaching him to use it for the furtherance of his
ambition rather than as a battering ram against
miscellaneous stone walls. He becomes less ad-
mirable as a personality, but immeasurably more
efficient as a politician. Dr. Parkhurst may raise
his grief-stricken hands to heaven and pray that
he may return in penitence from excursions to
the shrine of the God of This World, but these
excursions, though they may imply damnation,
also mean votes.

Those months at Washington as Assistant Sec-
retary of the Navy prove again that evil com-
munications corrupt good manners. Familiarity
with men who wield power deprives one of that
awe with which most outsiders regard it. And a
near view of Success seldom increases an able
man's respect for those who have achieved it.

Theodore Roosevelt is an able man, and he had a
near view of William McKinley.

Measuring himself against the man who is at
the head of the Republic, Roosevelt had a right
to say:

"I have a better brain, a stouter heart, a firmer,
more upright character than he. Why should I
not be President in his place when the time ar-
rives? How comes it that he is chief in command
and I mere subaltern of politics?"

And, studying McKinley, the secret of the suc-
cess of the inferior man was revealed to him.
Not because he has genius or is brilliant is
McKinley President. Nor because he possesses
ideals and is true to them. Nor because he is
brave in standing by his convictions of right.
Nor because he goes to the front and leads the
people.

But because he is a crafty man, a compromising
man, a plausible man, who, setting before him an
object for attainment, a place of power and dig-
nity for himself, sacrifices everything for success—
a man who had no opinions that he was not will-
ing to recant for the sake of office in the first
instance, and who, for the sake of a second term,

was ready to placate every hostile interest and to
set his sails to catch the wind of popularity, no
matter from what quarter it may blow.

Mr. Roosevelt has seen and been impressed by
the marvellous success of this unwearied devotion
to opportunism. He saw the President last Spring
in agonies of indecision as to Spain and Cuba—saw
him finally pushed by the irresistible strength of

a high-minded and generous American popu-
lar sympathy with an oppressed and gallant peo-
ple into accepting war—a war which he opened with
futile peaceful blockade and a fight-avoiding po-
pose to land provisions instead of soldiers where
the enemy was.

Roosevelt, a fighter himself, has lived to see
this reluctant President, the feeble Commander-in-
Chief, hailed as the vigorous prosecutor of that
war, and modestly going about the country ac-
cepting the honors of his chief hero, next to
Dewey.

Roosevelt saw the President when the war was
over as indecisive about recognizing and reaping
its fruits as he had been about entering upon it.
While others thought, William McKinley, as ever,
lay with his ear to the ground, grieved that the
human anatomy makes it impossible to place bot-



CAN HE TAKE HIMSELF?

ears there at once. Tentative in war, tentative in
peace, tentative always. No package of military
candy, no bottle of political bromo-seitzer will
ever be consumed by the President until he has
tested small quantities of it for the discovery of
the cyanide of unpopularity. All his policies are
first tried on the dog.

A cooling station at Manila—the people mur-
mured. The island of Luzon—the people mur-
mured. The whole of the Philippines, for to re-
store any human being to Spanish tyranny would
be sin against God and man—the people cheered.

And Mr. McKinley, the Liberator, solemnly asks,
"Who will dare to lower the stately banner where
once it has been raised by loyal hands over soil
consecrated by patriotic blood?"

Theodore Roosevelt can never be a William Mc-
Kinley. Nature has denied him the coldness of
temperament, the moral repugnance, the mental flexi-
bility, the protean talent of that great politician.
But nature has given Theodore Roosevelt a good
conscience of himself and an ardent willingness to
climb the official ladder. Therefore he will endeavor
to be all things to all men, stopping this side
utter stultification, bald hypocrisy and self-disgust.
It is not in him to go the McKinley limit.

The Governorship is to be Roosevelt's training
school, the coral in which he will strive to sub-
due the bucking bronco of his native character
and seek to break himself to Presidential harness.

His inaugural address lays out the road he hopes
to travel—answering to the machine's view within
reason, for the machine is necessary to get the
nomination; pulling honestly, so far as the ma-
chine and his ambition will let him, between the
shafts of public service, since conscience is active,
and the great public, which casts the votes that
elect Presidential nominees, must be pleased.

Can he do it? Can Theodore Roosevelt for a
year and a half succeed in serving himself as he
desires by serving Platt and the people?

He is not a McKinley, who easily serves
Hanna and heaven, and meekly receives in return
the cheers of the grateful and discriminating
masses.

That he is not a McKinley is to Roosevelt's
honor as a man, but not to his advantage as a
politician who has set out to be McKinley's suc-
cessor.

Shakespeare, and Bulwer Lytton and other lead-
ing lights. Please let him think that, Mr. Daly,
Call him Victorien.

ALAN DALE.

men of the minute—No. 1.



EBEN H. EMERY,
United States Weather Bureau.

What's the matter with Emery? He's all right,
only his memory is suffering a blight. If the
weather girls here, his "forecast" fits it; if it
doesn't—well, he "forgets it." When he predicts
a big snowstorm his men get mixed and it turns
out warm. When he orders rain it's dry for
weeks, and his "settled weather" comes in wet
storms. When he announces a long, calm spell
a cyclone bounces and bangs like anything.

Office full of weather girls, rain-makers, gale
pretenders, pressure gauges, isotherms, wind ma-
chines and stormy centres, seismic tests, moist-
ure's zones, ruddy even and blue-gray morns, hot-
ting coars, everything that tells the weather,
everything to put him "next"—all mixed up and
slammed together. Result: Just what no one ex-
pects.

A PERTINENT QUERY.
"Isn't there a saying that putting liquor into
one's mouth steals away his brains?" asked Em-
peror William.

"Yes, sire," replied the minion.

"Then, what does this American paper mean by
saying that in a case of the man who got drunk
and called me a sheep's head the proverb was re-
versed?"—Philadelphia North American.